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THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS,  
JUNE 20, 1917.

EACH NUMBER COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

New Series. — PART 54

# THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS

8d



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COURT.



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## **“The Sketch”**



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of JUNE 16 contains illustrations of—

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THE BATTLE OF MESSINES RIDGE:  
TYPICAL GERMAN PRISONERS.

FEEDING THE GUNS BY WHEELBARROW.

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A TYPICAL MINE EXPLOSION AT THE  
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THE TERRAIN OF OUR JUNE BATTLES:  
KITE-BALLOON VIEWS.

GERMAN CONCRETE DEFENCES DE-  
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FIGHTING THE PRUSSIAN GUARD IN  
THE HINDENBURG LINE AT BULLE-  
COURT.

"THERE IS GREAT FIGHTING ROUND  
OPPY."

A FRENCH BOMBARDMENT AND ITS  
RESULTS.

GENERAL PERSHING ARRIVES.

ALFONSO, MINISTER OF CHARITY:  
HIS MAJESTY'S WAR WORK.

OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

RUSSIAN TROOPS IN FRANCE.

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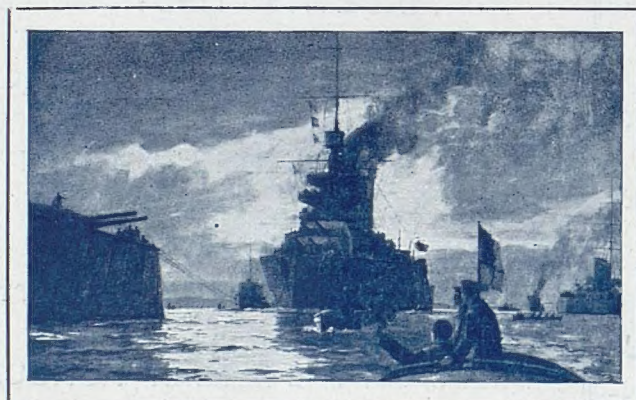
## GREAT WAR DEEDS

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### THE ROYAL NAVY

AND

### THE BRITISH ARMY



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# The Illustrated War News



THE AMERICAN GENERALISSIMO'S ARRIVAL IN FRANCE: GENERAL PERSHING AT THE WINDOW OF  
HIS RAILWAY CARRIAGE EN ROUTE TO PARIS.

French Official & Co.



# THE GREAT WAR.

**THE RAID ON LONDON—HAIG'S GROWING CONFIDENCE—THE ENEMY FALLS BACK—  
FINE BRITISH AIR-WORK—THE FRENCH AND ITALIAN FRONTS.**

THE interest of the week culminated for people at home in the most serious aeroplane attack yet delivered on London. This took place between eleven and twelve o'clock on the morning of June 13, and is a further development of the enemy's recent policy of daylight raids from the air, which he seems to regard as advantageous. He does, it is true, inflict some damage, but as a means of terror, his efforts are singularly futile. London took the attack coolly,

fell on an elementary school in a working-class neighbourhood. A class-room full of children of from five to seven years of age was utterly wrecked. Here many children were killed and about fifty injured. One hundred and twenty children were in the final casualties list. Many warehouses were damaged by explosions and the resulting fires. The total list of casualties put the number of killed at 104, of whom many are children and women. The total of killed and wounded reached 527. Lord



AT ONE OF THE BIGGEST MUNITION-WORKS OF ITS KIND NEAR LONDON: FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT ON AN INSPECTION.

His Royal Highness was received by Mr. S. J. Waring and Mr. A. M. Joshua; and spent an hour and a-half inspecting the works. He chatted with many of the workers. On leaving, he complimented Mr. S. J. Waring on his great achievement in organising this enormous munition business, where 10,000 people are employed.

and there was nothing approaching panic. Military damage there was none, and the chief result of this piece of wanton ferocity was the usual melancholy toll of innocent young lives.

The raid was carried out by about fifteen hostile aeroplanes, flying at so great a height as to be almost invisible. They crossed the Thames from the Kent to the Essex coast, and headed for London, separating when they had got about half-way. At 11.30, or thereby, the raiders were over the East End, on which they dropped numerous bombs in rapid succession. One bomb, falling on a railway station, hit an incoming train, killing 7 persons, and injuring 17. Another

French announced that no damage at all was done to military or naval works or stations. A few bombs were dropped near the North Foreland and in Essex, the only result being injury to four persons. The raid, which took place in brilliant sunshine, lasted for about fifteen minutes. There was little to be seen except the puffs of smoke from the anti-aircraft shells; but the little that was visible was watched with the keenest interest.

The raiders were engaged by the guns of the East London defences, and a large number of aeroplanes of the Royal Naval Air Service and the Royal Flying Corps went up in pursuit as soon

as the enemy was reported off. The result of these combats is, at the moment, not clearly known.

It is now possible to survey the glorious 7th of June, a day which has been a note of new encouragement into the war. Our commanders have hit the most restrained language in speech, but while there is still a long way to go, Sir Douglas Haig has at last allowed himself to speak in a tone of high confidence. Messines he has called "a long step towards final victory," a "complete defeat" for the Germans. He has also shown that the enemy was not taken unawares, and had to accept what he was given where he stood. The total captures at Messines from June 7 to 14 are now known to include 7342 German prisoners, 145 officers, 47 guns, 242 machine-guns, and 6000 small arms. Once more a period of comparative calm descended upon the Ypres sector, but our gains of ground, creeping up to the trench, were here an enemy post, and the trench. By the close of the week the battle, our line had been advanced to Warneton 2000 yards beyond the first thrust carried us. And other



ON THE WESTERN FRONT.



KEEPING THE HEALTH OF THE TROOPS.



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It is now possible to survey the gains of the glorious 7th of June, a day which has brought a note of new encouragement into the news of the war. Our commanders have hitherto used only the most restrained language in speaking of work accomplished, but while there is still no jubilation, Sir Douglas Haig has at last allowed himself to speak in a tone of high confidence. Messines he has called "a long step towards final victory," a "complete defeat" for the Germans. He has also shown that the enemy was not taken un-awares, and had to accept what he was given where he stood. The total captures at Messines from June 7 to 14 are now known to include 7342 German prisoners, among whom are 145 officers. Into our hands have also fallen 47 guns, 242 machine-guns, and 60 trench-mortars. Once more a period of comparative quiet has descended upon the Ypres sector, but daily we enlarge our gains of ground, creeping on gradually, seizing here an enemy post, and there a stretch of trench. By the close of the week that followed the battle, our line had been advanced towards Warneton 2000 yards beyond the point to which the first thrust carried us. And otherwise our hold

on the Ridge is invaluable. It has been worth waiting and toiling to attain. And the enemy knows what he has lost. He has fallen back to a new position, and has withdrawn his heavy guns to extreme range. Our troops pursued the enemy closely.

For days before the capture of the Messines Ridge, the air had been tense with expectancy of great things to come. Many signs not openly

alluded to in the public prints pointed to a renewal of activity on the Ypres sector, quiescent for more than two years; and it was clear from the tone of the enemy's announcements that he felt himself more than ordinarily threatened in that region. His position, strong beyond belief, had been prepared by patient, mole-like labour until it seemed that no-

thing short of a superhuman effort could wrest it from his grasp. Around Messines and Wytschaete he occupied rising ground which gave him the utmost advantage, for he could command the British lines so completely that our men, looking down at length from those hard-won heights, marvelled that they had ever been able to live and work in their own trenches through all these weary months of waiting. Thanks to the engineer and the miner, to the man with the spade—often an Australian miner—they had won



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: WOUNDED UNDER ROUGH AWNINGS,  
NEAR MESSINES.—[Official Photograph.]



KEEPING THE HEALTH OF THE TROOPS IN GOOD ORDER: INCINERATORS IN WHICH ALL RUBBISH IS BURNT.  
Official Photograph.



through to make that superhuman effort, now crowned with victory, and deal the enemy a terrible blow.

Amid all the splendid work of the one-day battle nothing was finer than that of the airmen. Not only did they "spot" for the guns to admiration, enabling our artillerymen to silence no fewer than seventy-two enemy batteries, but they flew low—often no higher than 500 feet—and harassed marching German columns with machine-gun fire, chased troop-trains, and generally proved themselves most efficient hornets. During the six days that preceded the battle they destroyed twenty-four enemy aeroplanes and drove down twenty-three others out of control.



ON MESSINES RIDGE AFTER THE BRITISH VICTORY: A SMASHED-UP GERMAN TRENCH—WITH ENEMY DEAD.  
Official Photograph.

In the battle itself their services were no less remarkable and valuable.

The weekly audit of fighting on the French front is very similar to the preceding period. On the Chemin des Dames and east of Rheims there has been a continuance of the artillery duel, and of fierce German attacks successfully held or beaten back with loss. In the former of the two regions mentioned, the names of Cerny, the California Plateau, and the Laffaux Mill again appear, and in the latter there has been activity once more around Mont Cornillet. From the last-named comes a story, somewhat belated now but worth repeating, of an extraordinary piece of French artillery practice. Under the hill were three great galleries capable of holding three battalions. The only vulnerable point of these shelters was a vertical ventilating shaft serving all three. Plumb into this shaft, at a range of ten miles, the French dropped a 400-mm. high-

explosive shell. It wrecked the works, and of the three battalions no man answered the call of a German officer who was outside on the hill when the shell exploded. Hard pounding and sporadic attacks and raids have been reported also from the Woevre, the Argonne, and around Belfort.

Similar in character to the recent French operations, but perhaps relatively of greater intensity, has been the fighting on the Italian front. All along the line from the Julian Alps to the sea the Austrians pressed hard, and the Italians had at times to give ground. This is the inevitable result of the detachment of German and Austrian forces from the Russian front. The enemy must also have received a considerable

reinforcement in guns. Later, there was a considerable Italian success in the Trentino, with the usual enemy counter-claims. Both sides are locked in a deadly grip. While the combat swayed locally, neither side had any substantial gain, and towards the end of the week the only news was that of a general lull, with occasional outbursts of artillery firing. It was admitted that the Italian hold on the lower slopes of the Hermada had been relaxed for the moment, and some of the advantage gained in the great forward movement may have to be discounted for a time. But there is no cause for dejection. It is only a case of *reculer pour mieux sauter*, in the case of troops so fiery and impetuous as those Cadorna leads. And it only requires a useful diversion elsewhere to enable the Italians to build yet more surely upon the foundations they have laid so well. It is reassuring to learn that their losses are relatively light.

LONDON: JUNE 16, 1917.



#### WHEEL-BARROWS USED TO SUPPLY

For upwards of a week our batteries, "heavies," artillery batteries, rained a never-ceasing storm of shells on the German positions along the nine miles of the Meuse. The *feu d'enfer* went on from hour to hour. The British artillery overwhelmed the German trenches, but also made in rear. Thus neither reinforcements nor supplies



June 20, 1917

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## With our Gunners in the Messines Attack.



### WHEEL-BARROWS USED TO SUPPLEMENT AMMUNITION-WAGONS: A TRUNDLE IN GALLIPOLI GARB.

For upwards of a week our batteries, "heavies," howitzers, field-artillery batteries, rained a never-ceasing storm of shells on the German positions along the nine miles of the Messines Ridge. The *feu d'enfer* went on from hour to hour. The British guns not only overwhelmed the German trenches, but also made a wide barrage in rear. Thus neither reinforcements nor supplies could reach the

enemy. To keep our batteries "fed" meanwhile was a herculean task. In some cases, field batteries fired off their shells so fast that emergency strings of wheel-barrow men had to be employed to supplement the wagons. We see one here, toiling in the heat, stripped, and wearing, for the fun of the thing, a German steel helmet trophy.—[Official Photograph.]





## Types of the German Prisoners Captured at Messines.



### IDENTIFIED BY HIS SHOULDER-STRAPS: ONE OF THE MEN OF A WÜRTEMBERG REGIMENT.

The German prisoner seen here is a Würtemberger. He belongs, as the regimental number on the shoulder strap of his tunic—"120"—shows, to the regiment so numbered, which forms part of the Thirteenth Army Corps, the Würtemberg corps, the headquarters of which, in normal times, are at Stuttgart. The depôt and headquarters of the 120th are at Weingarten. As far as

enemy vindictiveness goes, we have found the Würtembergers, next to the Saxons, the least savage and brutal of our foes. At the same time they have had severe handling at our hands on several occasions, notably in the first battle of Ypres, when their third failure to break through to Calais brought up the Prussian Guard, to be severely hammered and flung back.—[Official Photograph.]



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### TAKEN AT RANDOM: A

The bulk of the German prisoners captured and carrying of the Messines Ridge and W stood to be Bavarians. There was also Prussians and Würtembergers. These last b 120th and 141st Regiments, as Mr. Philip Bavarians, in especial, appear to have suffered



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Württembergers, next  
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the Prussian Guard,  
—[Official Photograph.]

Types of the German Prisoners Captured at Messines.



TAKEN AT RANDOM: A SAMPLE IN PHYSIQUE OF THE ORDINARY GERMAN LINESMAN.

The bulk of the German prisoners captured after the assault on and carrying of the Messines Ridge and Wytschaete, are understood to be Bavarians. There was also a certain number of Prussians and Württembergers. These last belonged mostly to the 120th and 141st Regiments, as Mr. Philip Gibbs mentions. The Bavarians, in especial, appear to have suffered most severely under

our punishing bombardment preliminary to the firing of the mines, the barrage fire cutting the garrison of the position off from expected relief divisions due to occupy the Messines Ridge position at the end of May. There is a species of poetic justice about the treatment of the Bavarians, in view of Prince Rupprecht's ferocity in his war speeches against the British.—[Official Photograph.]



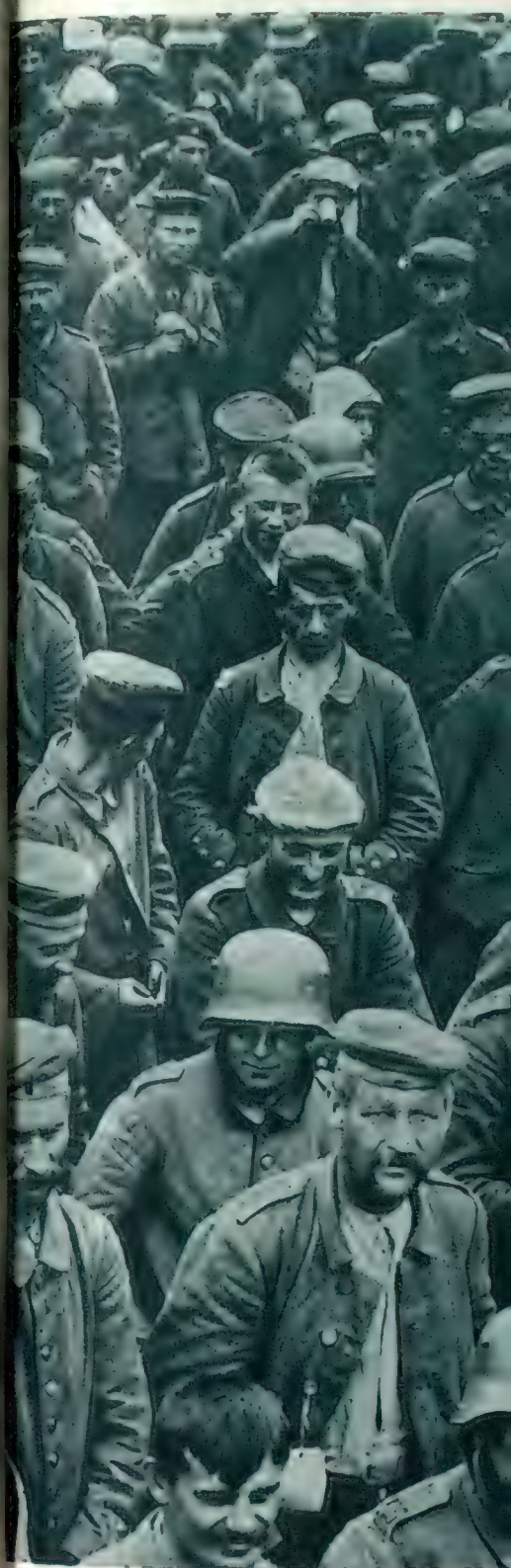
# Some of the 7000 German Prisoners Taken



WAITING TO BE SEARCHED, TICKETED, EXAMINED, AND SORTED OUT

Mr. Percival Phillips, the war correspondent, thus describes the appearance of the prisoners taken at Messines, on their arrival at the detention enclosures in rear of the battlefield. "They were," he says, "of all sizes, ages, and condition of health and nerves, being marshalled by their own non-commissioned officers, who continued their duties in the same harshly

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IN ONE OF THE PRISONER "CAGES" IN REAR OF THE BATTLEFIELD.

authoritative manner, under the direction of a British sergeant, as they had shown under their own officers only a few hours before. All were extremely dirty. There was the usual proportion of spectacled clerks, square-headed peasants, elderly artisans, and young boys, all extremely disciplined and obedient to the orders of their officers."—[Official Photograph.]





## On the french Marne front: Anti-Aircraft Defences.



### NIGHT METHODS: A SEARCHLIGHT IN A CORNFIELD; TO INDICATE ENEMY APPROACH BY SOUND.

Enemy aviators, attempting night expeditions across the French lines in the Upper Marne sector, are well catered for by the French, in regard to arrangements for giving them a warm reception. From all manner of places, searchlight projectors sweep the sky between dusk and dawn. We see one such searchlight posted in the middle of a cornfield. In a recent issue we showed

another, by the roadside on the outskirts of a village. Some time before the night-raiders are in view their advent is detected by means of special sound-concentrating appliances, such as that shown in the second illustration. These localise the direction of approach, so that the French counter-attacking airmen and anti-aircraft stations may be warned.—[French Official Photographs.]



## En H



### EQUIPPED FOR FIGHTING: ASS

Incidents at a recent parade of Americans are shown here. As has been stated, at the United States declaration of war with Germany, the United States declaration of war with Germany, serving with the French Army—in the French aviation corps, or as auxiliaries attached to the French Army, obtained permission from their own and



## An American Unit formed in France.



### EQUIPPED FOR FIGHTING : ASSEMBLING FOR AN INSPECTION ; THE PARADE SALUTING "OLD GLORY."

Incidents at a recent parade of Americans under arms in France are shown here. As has been stated, as soon as possible after the United States declaration of war with Germany, many Americans serving with the French Army—in the Foreign Legion, with French aviation corps, or as auxiliaries attached to other corps or forces—obtained permission from their own and French authorities

to join and make up a separate unit of Americans. Other Americans have come over and enrolled. In the upper illustration members of one of the first unit formed, equipped as infantry, and wearing French-pattern steel helmets, are shown falling in for inspection. In the lower illustration, the parade is shown saluting the Stars and Stripes.—[Photos. by Alfieri.]



### While the Guns Prepared for the Next Assault.



#### WITH THE INFANTRY: SHELL-HOLE PONDS AS WASH-PLACES; LAUNDRYING BY THE SCARPE.

While our gunners are pounding at the German trench-lines selected for the next offensive, the infantry have, during the interval, a breathing space. Between, for example, the artillery opening fire on the Messines Ridge positions and the final "cease fire" order to the guns being issued just before the mines were exploded and the infantry charged forward from their fire-trenches,

six days elapsed. There, and on the Scarpe, while the bombardment was proceeding, some of the infantry engaged in the last battle "rested" a short way from the battle-front, on relief by fresh troops. They occupied themselves in many cases as seen in this pair of illustrations. In the upper, ponds from rain filling up shell-holes are being used as washing-places.—[Official Photographs.]

### On a



#### LOOKING ROUND: A GERMAN

In the upper illustration is seen one of the emplacements in an elaborately fortified position round Blangy, a Scarpe Valley village on the front, stormed with bomb and bayonet. In spite of the pregnable appearance of the works, a portion of the fortress-like gun-emplacement platforms,



## On a Battlefield in the Scarpe Valley.



### LOOKING ROUND: A GERMAN GUN EMPLACEMENT STORMED AT BLANGY; SETTING TIME-FUSES.

In the upper illustration is seen one of the German heavy-gun emplacements in an elaborately fortified position captured by us round Blangy, a Scarpe Valley village on the outskirts of Arras, stormed with bomb and bayonet. In spite of the apparently impregnable appearance of the works, a portion of which, comprising the fortress-like gun-emplacement platforms, with recesses for shell

store-rooms, is seen here, the position was carried and the enemy forced back. "The fighting round Blangy," describes Mr. Philip Gibbs, "was very stiff, but our men smashed their way through and through." In the lower illustration a party of artillerymen fuse-setters, in rear of their battery, are shown adjusting the time-fuses of shells about to be used.—[Official Photographs.]

THE SCARPE.

While the bombard-  
ment was in progress,  
on relief by  
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from rain filling up  
[Official Photographs.]



## ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS: LIV.—THE 59TH.

AN INCIDENT OF BHURTPORE.

ONE morning in 1826, during the siege of Bhurtpore, Lieutenant and Adjutant Carmichael, of the 59th Foot (now the 2nd East Lancashire Regiment), had orders from Brigadier-General Nichols to undertake a risky piece of reconnaissance. The previous evening a big mine had been sprung by the British—at least, it was considered a big mine in those days, although it would now seem a mere pop-gun affair compared with the terrible blow of a fortnight ago at Wytschaete. In any case, it impressed the engineer who told the following story sufficiently to make him record as something noteworthy that the mine contained eleven or twelve thousand

pounds of gun-powder. It blew out a satisfactory breach, and next day the British officers were taking a good look at the result when Carmichael, who was acting A.D.C. to the Brigadier, came up, apparently very well pleased with himself. He thumped Captain Davis, of the Engineers, on the back, saying, "Are you ready—will you go with me?" Davis asked where. "Oh," replied Carmichael, "the General wishes me to go up to the top there to

find out what the Jats have made behind." As he spoke, he pointed to the breach. "I'll take some fellows with me," he added.

Captain Davis was quite ready for any fun that might be going, and said so. While Carmichael chose three men of the Grenadier Company of the 59th and three Gurkhas, Davis was loading his double-barrelled fowling-piece—with such comparatively light and irregular weapons did our forefathers take the field. With these preparations, they dashed over the mined part of the trench into the ditch, and went forward in the highest spirits. The three Grenadiers had a bomb each, which they used at once as they rushed on ahead, and when their officers gained

the top of the breach the men were using their muskets. The space they had to cross was about seventy yards of crumbling earth, ground to the finest dust by the recent explosion. Into this dust they sank knee-deep. The passage to the summit was entirely commanded by two circular bastions, one on the right flank, the other on the left, about equi-distant from the breach and well within pistol-shot. On each bastion were two guns, both well served, and trained on the breach. As the little party advanced, clambering down one slope of the ditch, across the ditch itself, and up the steep slope on the other side, the guns got off several rounds; and the moment the heads

of the British came into full view the native match-lock men got to work and blazed away furiously. Hit or miss—it mattered not how they aimed, so long as they made a noise and shouted.

The pull up was fearful, especially for Captain Davis, who was a heavy man. He went rather too far to the left, and got into difficulties among a heap of stones. One of the little Ghurkas, who was quite unblown and grinning as merrily as if he had been

out rat-hunting, came running back, saying, "Here 'tis, take my hand." The Captain took it with great good-will, and in a second was hauled up to the top. Right in front of him he found the Grenadiers very busy. Carmichael was right forward in the entry of the breach, also busy. They rather spoiled Davis's view. From where he stood he could see nothing but the cotton-clothed natives firing away. "I can see nothing for these fellows," he bawled to Carmichael, at the same time letting fly with his fowling-piece.

"Then come up here," said Carmichael. Up went Davis, and stood by the other's side on a bit of stone-work, from which he took a good look forward with his expert Sapper's eye. "I can't

(Continued overleaf.)



GENERAL PERSHING'S STAFF N.C.O.'S AND CLERKS, QUARTERED IN THE GUARDS' BARRACKS AT THE TOWER, BEING GIVEN A LOOK ROUND LONDON: ON A RIVER EXCURSION TO HAMPTON COURT.

Photograph by C.N.

forerunners of the



## THE "SUPER-DREADNOUGHT"

King George's Royal Navy, our "sure" national institution dates from Henry VI. moral and marital shortcomings, was the practically that sea-power was all in all reign our supremacy at sea was first asserted was also known as the "Henri Grace



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Continued overleaf.

forerunners of the Grand fleet: War-Ships of All Ages—IV.



THE "SUPER-DREADNOUGHT" OF OUR FIRST "ROYAL NAVY": THE "GREAT HARRY."

King George's Royal Navy, our "sure shield" of to-day, as a national institution dates from Henry VIII., who, whatever his moral and marital shortcomings, was the first monarch to realise practically that sea-power was all in all for England. In his reign our supremacy at sea was first asserted. The "Great Harry" was also known as the "Henri Grace à Dieu." The "Great

Harry" fixed the standard type in essentials for all war-ships down to the last wooden "liners" of Queen Victoria's reign. Port-holes first appeared in the "Great Harry" enabling guns to be mounted on two or more decks. The illustration is based on a contemporary drawing, now preserved in the Pepys Library Magdalene College, Cambridge.



see any entrenchments," he said at last to his companion. All the visible ground was like a newly ploughed field, the effect of the breaching battery. Apart from other excitements of the moment, the officers had one little worry—what if a Ghurka should take a fancy to the head of any of the Jats? Then certainly the whole affair, instead of being, as intended, a quiet little professional inquiry of the coolest description, would most probably end in an impromptu attack, which was in no way desirable. There were Irishmen, too, among the Grenadiers, ready for any Donnybrook.

The affair remained, however, quite "quietly professional." The Jats stood up gamely to the party's bombs and musketry fire, at the length of not more than a musket and a half. As yet no one had been hurt. Then Carmichael's men, having come to the end of their ammunition, began to stone the poor Jats unmercifully. The Lieutenant now thought that it was time to get a move on. He shouted, "That will do—come down!"

As he spoke, he led the way down the breach, the ground going with him in a landslide. Their descent was much quicker than their ascent had been. A body of the enemy, who had

gave chase, stoning the party vigorously; but the riflemen in the trenches gave them such a peppering that they soon turned tail and made off.

At the bottom of the bastion Davis heard a



TROOPS THAT WE MAY HEAR MORE OF BEFORE LONG—THE INCREASING ACTIVITY ON THE BELGIAN FRONT: HAULING AMMUNITION-CARTS ACROSS THE DUNES WITH DRAG-ROPES.

*Belgian Official Photograph.*

cry: "Oh, Captain Davis, Sir, I'm hit"—and down went one of the Grenadiers, rolling in mortal agony. The poor fellow was a big, heavy man, and the Captain had no easy task to help him. Davis himself had recently broken his collar-bone, and was still suffering great pain in his left arm. The ground too was, as had been said, of the very worst; but he returned, lifted the wounded Grenadier in his arms, and bore him, under a galling hail of grape-shot and matchlock balls, across the whole breadth of the ditch to cover.

There a dhooly was obtained and the wounded man was taken to hospital, where he died very soon after. His cries of "Oh, Captain Davis, Captain Davis," haunted that gallant officer for some time afterwards.

The Brigadier, who had watched the whole affair through his glass, was extremely pleased with the way in which it had been carried out. Carmichael was handsomely commended in Orders a day or two later; but, by one of those inexplicable oversights and injustices which too often try brave men, Captain Davis entirely escaped recognition, and that although he had performed a deed which a generation later would have earned him the Victoria Cross.

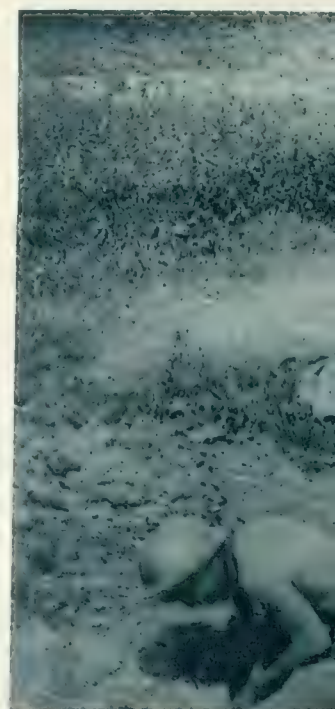


STORKS THAT STRIKE AND SLAY—AT A FRENCH AERODROME ON THE MARNE FRONT: THE COMMANDANT OF A FAMOUS AEROPLANE SQUADRON, THE MACHINES OF WHICH ARE BADGED AS SEEN AND NAMED COLLECTIVELY "L'ESCADRILLE DES CIGOGNES."

The "Storks" squadron, the name by which all France knows it, has as a leader the intrepid Guynemer. It has been officially honoured for its exploits. It accounted for 20 machines and an observation kite at Verdun, and 63 aeroplanes and two observation kites in six months on the Somme.—[*French Official Photograph.*]

hitherto been much too shocked at Carmichael and company's impudence to do much beyond staring, now recovered their wits and

recognition, and that although he had performed a deed which a generation later would have earned him the Victoria Cross.



#### DURING FIGHTING: SAPPE

The upper illustration shows a party of sappers in the Army for the Royal Engineers during a battle in the Scarpe Valley digging a trench to connect the firing trenches in rear. They are toiling in the June heat, but otherwise taking their chance.



## On the Edge of a Scarpe Valley Battle.



**DURING FIGHTING: SAPPERS "SAPPING" A COMMUNICATION-TRENCH; DESPATCH-RIDERS RESTING.**

The upper illustration shows a party of the Sappers—the familiar name in the Army for the Royal Engineers at large—hard at work during a battle in the Scarpe Valley digging a zig-zag communication-trench to connect the firing trenches with the reserve trenches in rear. They are toiling in the June heat, steel-helmeted, as per regulation, but otherwise taking their chances of body wounds from

shrapnel bullets, "stripped to the buff," as their comrades worked in the Gallipoli trenches under the scorching sun of the Eastern Mediterranean in the "dog days" of 1915. The lower illustration shows another Scarpe battle-area incident—motor-cyclist despatch-carriers snatching a few minutes' rest after delivering their messages, and in waiting to carry others back.—[Official Photos.]





Tested on the Battlefield, and found as Successful as



ON ITS WAY BY ROAD, TO GIVE THE ENEMY A SHAKING UP: ONE OF THE NEW-TYPE

The French "Tanks," or "Chars d'Assaut," made their battlefield debut in April. Representations of the type then employed have appeared, both in the "Illustrated London News" and in our own issues. The Tanks then shown were of the first model experimentally adopted, of comparatively small size, built for special purposes, and made as "light" as such mastodons

their British Counter



FRENCH TANKS WHICH MADE THEIR DÉ

could be. The newer type, heavily gunned, first appeared in action in May, when their they were stormed at by shells from German



their British Counterparts: The New french "Tanks."



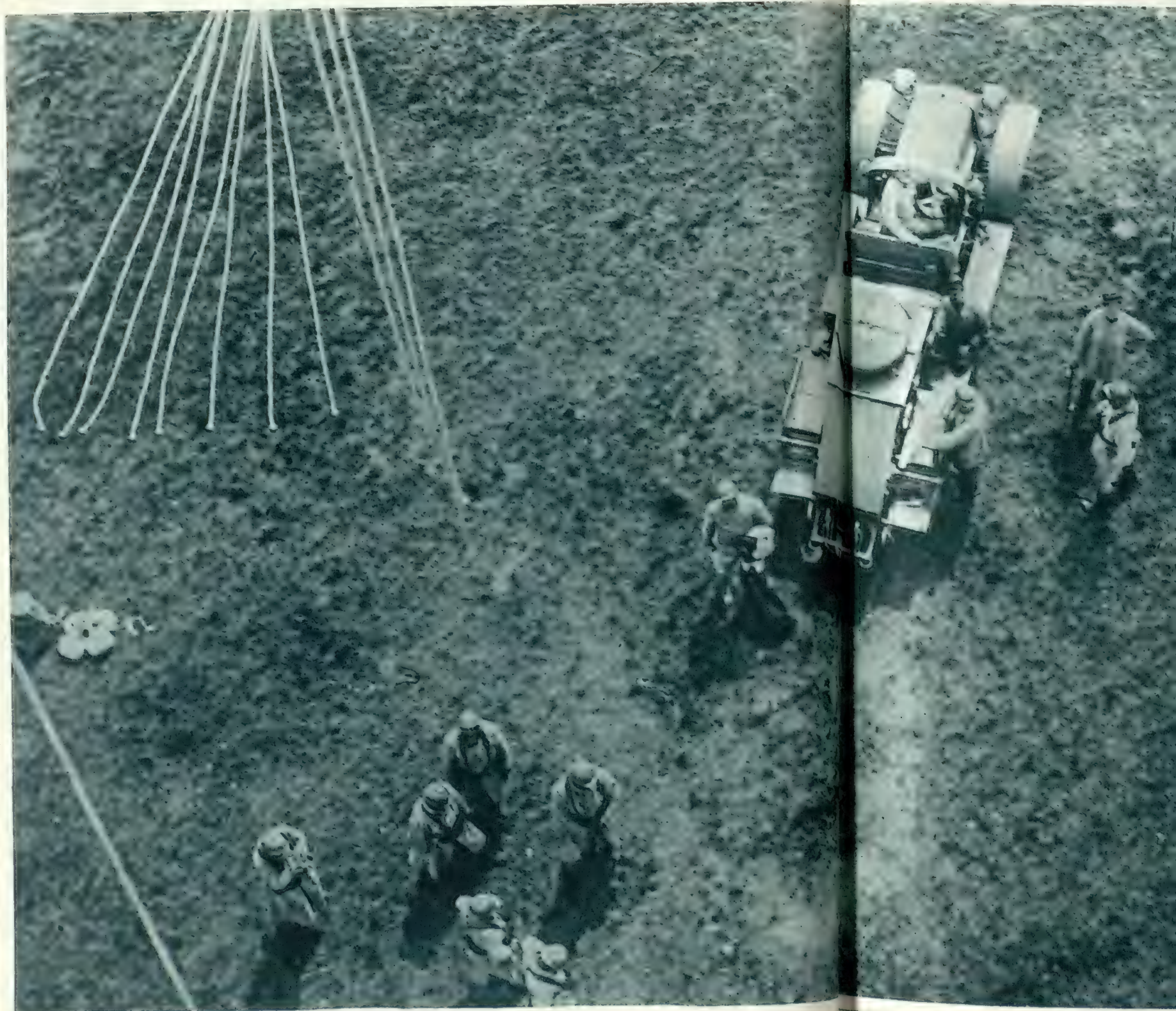
FRENCH TANKS WHICH MADE THEIR DÉBUT IN THE MAY OFFENSIVE IN CHAMPAGNE.

could be. The newer type, heavily gunned, extra stoutly armoured, and of bulkier dimensions, one of which is shown above, first appeared in action in May, when their achievements were described as being in every regard "most successful," although they were stormed at by shells from German batteries specially told off to attack them, guided by "spotting" aeroplanes.





# On the french front on the Upper Marne: During a Kite-



AS SEEN BY AN OBSERVER WHILE GOING ALOFT: THE MOTOR-TRACTOR WITH THE WINDING-CABLE APPARATUS, AND JUST-DISCAR

A kite-balloon rises from the ground slowly at first, while being guided clear by men with ground-tackle ropes attached alongside the sausage-shaped envelope. Care has to be taken to prevent too sudden a jerk as the mooring cable "takes charge." The long towing, or mooring, cable, as it gets control, tautens until the upward "pull" of the gas-envelope comes directly on the reel on which the cable is wound. It is paid out as the balloon rises. The illustration shows an observer's view from the ground. The cable is seen issuing at the top of the balloon.



# the Upper Marne: During a Kite-Balloon Ascent.



TRACTOR WITH THE RING-CABLE APPARATUS, AND JUST-DISCARDED ANCHORING GROUND-TACKLE LAID OUT.

the reel on which the cable is wound. It is paid out by machinery in the attendant motor-tractor until the required altitude has been attained. The illustration shows an observer's view of the tractor, and attendants on the ground, as the balloon rises continuously higher. The cable is seen issuing at the rear end of the tractor, and extending upwards.—[French Official Photograph.]



# Over an Enemy Position: "Spotting" for the Guns.



## WITH MAP AND 'PHONE: A FRENCH OBSERVATION-BALLOON OFFICER REPORTING.

From aircraft aloft at any height, the ground surface below shows all the ordinary features marked on a map spread out. With, as seen here, a fairly large-scale map at hand for comparing points, observation officers work by noting the compass and actually visible directions of rivers, highways, and railroads. Thus observation is simplified. By such means—among others—observation-

balloon officers, at anchor behind artillery batteries to "spot" and report results and notify the presence and movements of enemy troops for new "targets," can fix and identify the whereabouts of what they see, and telephone details with exactitude to battery commanders. The dividing up of the maps into small numbered squares prevents waste of time in explanations.—[Official Photograph.]

# Over an Enemy



## "LE DERNIER RESSORT": A

At any moment while in the air, the officer in balloon may have to trust for his life to the parachute attached to the observer's car. A chance shot, or may sever his anchoring rope, when, if the wind blows towards the enemy's lines, his only chance of escape is by a parachute descent at once. In like manner



Over an Enemy Position: fixing Parachute Harness.



"LE DERNIER RESSORT": A FRENCH OBSERVATION-BALLOON OFFICER GETTING READY.

At any moment while in the air, the officer in an observation balloon may have to trust for his life to the parachute which is attached to the observer's car. A chance shot, or shell-fragment, may sever his anchoring rope, when, if the wind be blowing towards the enemy's lines, his only chance of escaping capture is by a parachute descent at once. In like manner his salvation

rests with his parachute, should the observation-balloon gas-bag be fired by a hostile airman, or collapse on being riddled by a near shell-burst. The parachute detachment apparatus and unfolding mechanism are consequently matters of the most vital importance to the officer, whose life may depend on the efficiency of either at the shortest notice.—[French Official Photograph.]



# With the British Army in Palestine.



## ON THE EDGE OF THE "PROMISED" LAND": MAKING A WATER-SUPPLY POST; ROAD-MAKING.

Although our Egypt Army Expeditionary Forces are established from a military point of view across the boundaries of Palestine, as laid down on the map, and beyond the arid and sterile sand-wastes of the Sinai Desert, they are as yet within the outer semi-desert fringe, skirting the fertile plain of the "Land flowing with milk and honey." Water is found in pools among the rocks, but

has also to be got by well-sinking. It is kept stored, as seen in the upper illustration, in canvas tanks. Supply-taps ready for fixing lie on the ground near by. The second illustration shows R.E. road-makers, with a team of imported British horses, levelling the surface after filling up a wadi, or shallow, dried-up water-course.—[Photos. supplied by C.N.]

# The Wa



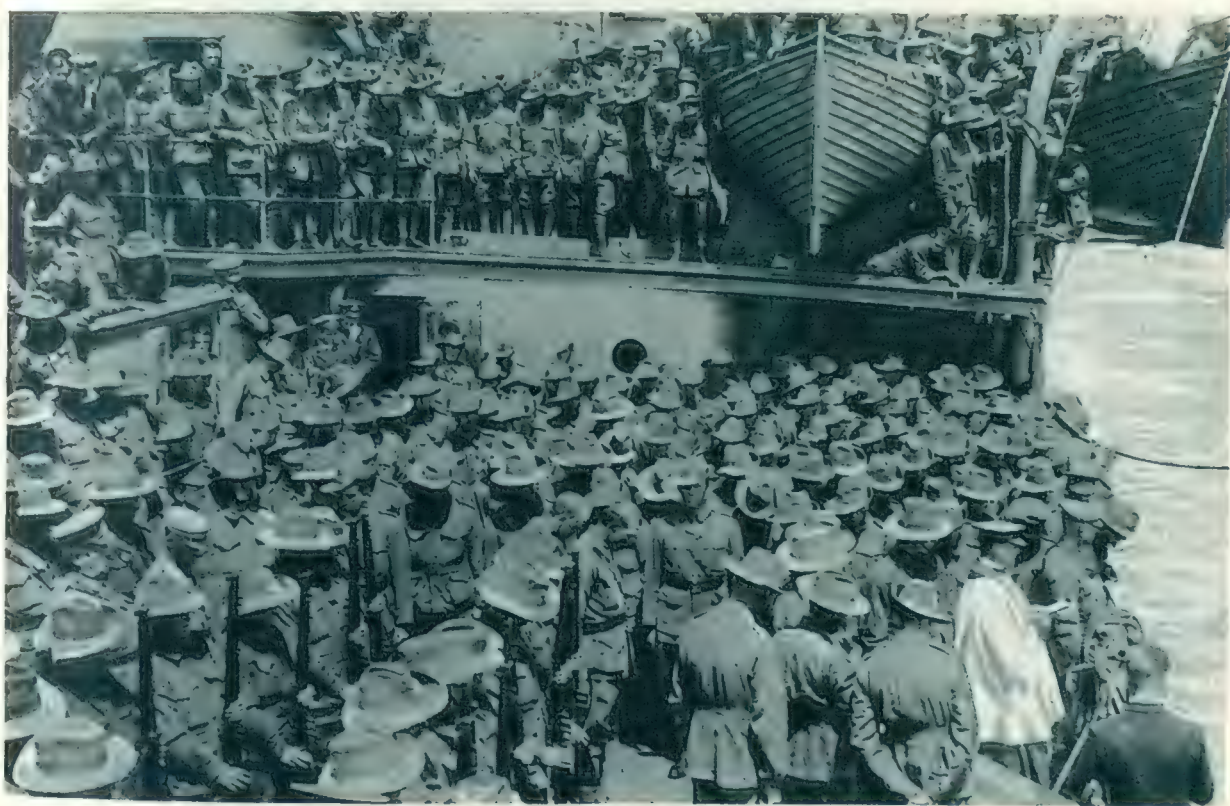
## THE FUNERAL OF AN AUSTRALIAN

Invested with the dignity of death, and amid the surroundings of a burial at sea, an Australian, buried after his death on a transport-ship bound for Australia. Picturesque and impressive, the scene recalls some historic funeral at sea chronicled in Wolfe's poem of Sir John Moore—"He lay like a warrior taking



June 20, 1917

## The War: A Burial Service at Sea.



### THE FUNERAL OF AN AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER WHO DIED ON HIS WAY TO ENGLAND: THE LAST RITES.

Invested with the dignity of death, and amid the stern solemnity of the surroundings of a burial at sea, an Australian soldier was buried after his death on a transport-ship bound for England. Picturesque and impressive, the scene recalls something of that historic funeral at sea chronicled in Wolfe's poem: "The Burial of Sir John Moore"—He "lay like a warrior taking his rest"; and

it might be said, too, of this son of the Old Country, and those who gave him reverent burial, "We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone. But we left him alone with his glory." Our photographs show the ship crowded for the solemn ceremony, and the final committal of the body to the deep.—[Photos: by the Press Photographers Bureau.]

OST; ROAD-MAKING.

It is kept stored, as seen in  
pinks. Supply-taps ready for  
The second illustration shows  
ported British horses, levelling  
or shallow, dried-up water-



## DEPÔT DAYS: I.—“CHUMS.”

WHEN Jack London came to England many years ago to study the working people, he found it a delightful thing to be addressed by that staunch word “mate.” It is a good word, “mate.” It is possible it is still a fashionable salutation in some circles. In the Army, however, we go one better. “How goes it, chum?” we say, and at once we are comrades in all things down to the last Woodbine and the loan of “Soldiers’ Friend.”

It is a sturdy address, this “chum.” It is easy to taste its full flavour and meaning when, burdened with Blankets, Army, two, and treading like Agag or any other “civvy,” you face the world of a tent that does not want you, that hates the sight of you, that is moved to wrath at your inordinate linear and avoirdupois measurements. You learn that you have been sent to a tent already holding seventeen desperate, large men. A little later you learn that every tent holds seventeen large, desperate men when somebody else is sent to sleep in it, but just then you are dismayed. You recognise that you are an evil-liver and a betrayer of tents. That your lot is abomination. . . . But the corporal has commanded you to Tent X 6. . . . You stick it out . . . and a voice calls out, “All right, chum; stick your — blankets down ‘ere.”

Chum you are, and in you go; and the eight occupants of Tent X 6 spend a joyous ten minutes in explaining how you will be frozen dead to-night with only two blankets—and giving you of their surplus to make a really comfortable bed. Yes, you are chum all right—“My blanket is thy blanket, and thy pillow shall be my spare kit-bag.”

As a matter of real truth you do not make up a comfortable bed. Your two blankets have become six, but if you possessed sixty (which would worry any corporal badly) you would, of your unaided self, spend a gruesome night, feet indelicately in the air and a twenty-knot draught driving at the small of your back. Blankets may seem simple, innocent trifles to you; you put them down one on top of the other, creep under them, sigh content, and find it is your pair of knees that look so strange and forlorn in the chilly night air. . . .

“Do it like this, chum,” says one of your eight chums by spontaneous enlistment, and he takes those ordinary uninspired blankets and with a sort of breathless magic manipulates them into a bed so exquisite that even the fattest man may turn himself over and move his knees, and yet remain the night long unbitten by draughts. There is a just and perfect way with Army blankets, as there is a just and perfect way with

[Continued overleaf.]



ON THE AISNE FRONT WITHIN RANGE OF RAIDING ENEMY AIRCRAFT: AN ARMoured TRENCH-CUPOLA FOR THE SENTRY'S SHELTER DURING AN ATTACK.

French Official Photograph.



WHERE A ROAD RUNS WITHIN POSSIBLE VIEW OF THE ENEMY: A SCREENED-OFF HIGHWAY IN CONSTANT USE ON THE AISNE FRONT.—[French Official Photograph.]

## An Impro



### DEvised BY AN OFFICER

The campaign in Mesopotamia has given rise to a new type of river craft for use on the Tigris and the Euphrates. Other day, it may be recalled, the King inspected a motor-driven hospital-boat built for service on the Tigris. In the above photograph we see a craft of a simpler sort, the spot from the design of a British officer.



## An Improvised River Raft in Mesopotamia.



### DEvised BY AN OFFICER SERVING IN MESOPOTAMIA: A RAFT ON THE RIVER.

The campaign in Mesopotamia has given rise to various new kinds of river craft for use on the Tigris and the Euphrates. Only the other day, it may be recalled, the King inspected a novel type of motor-driven hospital-boat built for service on the Tigris. In the above photograph we see a craft of a simpler sort, constructed on the spot from the design of a British officer. The photograph

shows the end view of the raft, which is twice as long as it is broad. It went through many tests. The particular object for which it was made is not stated, but doubtless such rafts would be found useful for transport purposes. It will be noted that the occupants are Indians, one of whom is propelling the raft with a pole, like a punt.



HIGHWAY



the Army mule, cook's orderlies, and the Army biscuit . . . but no, this is not a treatise on the Fine Arts.

It is good to be a chum. Razors and soap and "butties" of ration bread, and good advice about "swinging the lead," and the great world of Tent X 6 and the hearts of it are yours for ever or after the duration of the war. And when



AT A FRENCH RESERVE ARTILLERY PARK ON THE AISNE FRONT:  
WAITING TO BE TAKEN FORWARD.

*French Official Photograph.*

one surveys the terrors and intricacies of a new kit your chums are true chums indeed. Take merely the matter of puttees. A puttee seems a callow enough thing. It is not. I must warn you against the deceit of puttees. It is as profound and as complicated as the tenets of Theosophy, and ascending spirals bewilder one in both. Chums are splendid fellows in this matter. It is well, though, to rely on them for first principles only. You see, every chum has his way—yet the legs of two chums are rarely akin . . . there was one small recruit who took his lessons in spiralling up'ard from a six-foot chum. Only promptness in action of a third party saved him from strangling himself.

Chums we are all the time. It is a chum who saves you from the sergeant by swinging you back to place when, having been given the order to form fours, you form a blot on the parade-ground instead. It is a chum who teaches you that the best way to wash an Army shirt in cold water is to use your clothes-brush and much—indeed, all—your vigour on the neck-band (on the principle that the neck-band, being of linen, has an inhuman magnetism for the officer's eye on kit-inspection. Kit-inspecting officers, apparently, see nothing but neck-bands). It is a chum who lets you know that the way

you want to do up your boot-laces is a way that will cause "trouble." It is a chum, also, who will have your boots if you are not very spry.

He means no ill. He will give you another pair of boots instead, but beware of him. You will know him by his solicitude. He will gaze at your boots, one new pair, one repaired, and he will tell you what a "posh" pair of "repaired" boots you have got. This will surprise you. For yourself, your heart has found a great affection for the new ones. They have a line, a dignity; they are a noble pair of boots. The massy steel hobnails and the Bessemer armoured heel fill you with mediæval joy. Those boots hit your solicitous chum just like that, but he dissembles. He just says that they will hurt your feet. He just says that they will burn your feet shockingly. He will just tell you an anecdote of a boy two tents away who was practically crippled by boots of quite the timbre and verve of your boots. New boots are very cruel to recruits. They bite them. They are brutal with corns, they gore the heels, they blister just under the ball of the big toe, they are simply ruthless

with toes. . . . Well, don't be silly about it. When he explains that what you want really is a pair of boots that have been softened by use, that have been made comfortable by constant wear on reasonable and attractive feet—when he says



AT A FRENCH RESERVE ARTILLERY PARK ON THE AISNE FRONT.  
A BIG BOMB-THROWER FOR TRENCH-LINE SERVICE

*French Official Photograph.*

that, answer promptly that you take a size smaller than he does. And he won't mind. He's a chum. He has, however, the boot-exchanging habit. Whenever he sees boots, new boots, some atavistic instinct drives him to bargain—to offer his own pair instead. He does this about twice a day.

—W. DOUGLAS NEWTON



King



#### HIS MAJESTY'S CONSIDERATION

The last of the raiders had scarcely got out of King, with his unfailing and ever-ready sympathy ordered his car and made a tour round the air bombers on June 13. There was little formality in the visits, the King showing eager sympathy in the which he made, and also a practical knowledge a



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GLAS NEWTON

## King George and the Air Raid.



### HIS MAJESTY'S CONSIDERATION FOR HIS SUBJECTS: THE KING VISITS HOSPITALS IN LONDON.

The last of the raiders had scarcely got out of sight before the King, with his unfailing and ever-ready sympathy with his people, ordered his car and made a tour round the area visited by the bombers on June 13. There was little formality about the royal visits, the King showing eager sympathy in the careful inquiries which he made, and also a practical knowledge and interest which

lent to those enquiries and to his Majesty's comments a special value. In every case the King made his informal tour of the hospitals to which sufferers by the raid had been removed, accompanied by Lord Cromer, and attended by Major Reginald Seymour, and by officials who were in a position to furnish precise details—  
[Photo. No. 1 by Illustrations Bureau; No. 2 by Newspaper Illustrations.]



With the french on the Upper Marne front.



IN THE BATTLE-AREA: A DESTROYED BELL AS GAS TOCSIN; DINNER AMID VILLAGE RUINS.

The Battle of the Marne in September 1914 was fought across the river in its middle portion, to the east of Paris. In the region of the Upper Marne, which extends to the north-east and towards the Ardennes and the Belgian frontier, the French have faced the enemy since early in the war, both sides being entrenched along a long line of strongly fortified positions. An incessant artillery

battle is continually raging there, with, at intervals, infantry attacks. The upper illustration shows the church-bell of a destroyed village church in use by the French for warning the neighbourhood, and the trenches, of impending poison-gas attacks. In the lower illustration, French soldiers are at their meal in the ruins of a village.—[French Official Photographs.]

The E



DESTROYED AT A STROKE: THE

The gateway seen here held in former times the entrance to a large monastery. It enclosed a heavily solidly built door such as European holiday visitors often remarked on as showing how stoutly the monks did their work, and the monastic precautions of the Religious Houses were used as sanctuaries. A



## The Effect of a Single Shell-Blast.



### DESTROYED AT A STROKE: THE DOORWAY OF A MONASTERY AFTER A SHELL-EXPLOSION.

The gateway seen here held in former times the door of the main entrance to a large monastery. It enclosed a heavily framed and solidly built door such as European holiday visitors before the war often remarked on as showing how stoutly the mediaeval builders did their work, and the monastic precautions of those times when Religious Houses were used as sanctuaries. An enemy shell,

bursting close in front of the gateway, simply blew in the entire door and doorway bodily, as shown here, smashing the woodwork off its heavy hinge supports. Several of such monasteries, on eminences among the foothills of the Balkans and in Macedonia, are of service for housing soldiers. A French soldier is seen here in front of the gateway arch.—[Photo. by Newspaper Illustrations.]

### VILLAGE RUINS.

at intervals, infantry the church-bell of a French for warning impending poison-gas soldiers are at their Official Photographs.]



## The Royal Inspection of North-East Coast Shipyards.



### ON THE TEES: ON BOARD A TUG FLYING THE ROYAL STANDARD; VISITING A SHIPBUILDING YARD.

The King and Queen, during the first day of their tour round shipyards on the North-East Coast, made use of a tug for passing from one yard to another to inspect certain Durham riverside establishments. As seen in the upper illustration, the tug flew the Royal Standard, according to immemorial custom with all vessels whenever the King is on board. In the second illustration, their

Majesties are seen during a round of inspection, passing alongside a new ship in a building dock in a great shipyard where war-vessels as well as new food-carrying ships are under construction night and day. In all, during the first day, the King and Queen, it is estimated, traversed over ten miles on foot through shipyards and munition-works under the hot June sun.—[Photos. by C.N.]

## The Royal Inspection



### POINTS OF INTEREST: WATCHING SHIPBUILDING

"Eleven busy establishments," writes a "Times" reporter, "were visited by their Majesties' first day's tour among the shipyards of a certain district on the North-East Coast, during a strenuous morning and afternoon. It was a desire to see the people at work, and there was an air of ceremony. In the works and the yard, the royal



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PBUILDING YARD.

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at shipyard where war-  
s are under construction  
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## The Royal Inspection of North-East Coast Shipyards.



### POINTS OF INTEREST: WATCHING SHIPS' PLATES RIVETED; MODEL OF A NEW TYPE OF WAR-CRAFT.

"Eleven busy establishments," writes a "Times" correspondent of their Majesties' first day's tour among the ship-construction yards of a certain district on the North-East Coast, "were visited during a strenuous morning and afternoon. It was the King's desire to see the people at work, and there was an entire absence of ceremony. In the works and the yard, the royal party walked

among perspiring and grimy engineers and riveters, and saw the toil that goes to the construction of ships." Everywhere was "the impression of tireless energy, ungrudging toil, and widespread activity, which is giving us new ships to make good the losses the enemy has caused, and to ensure that the nation shall get its goods."—[Photos. by C.N.]



## WOMEN AND THE WAR.

BEGUN in faith, carried on in hope, and still existing to a great extent on charity, the Children's Aid Committee, 50, South Molton Street, London, W., is not the least interesting

Germany, the first "guests" were despatched—two out of the four children of a widower reservist who was one of the first to be recalled to the Colours.



CORNISHWOMEN'S CONTRIBUTION TO WAR-WORK: PREPARING SPHAGNUM MOSS, FOR BANDAGES.

Sphagnum moss is largely used for surgical dressings. Our photograph shows ladies at work cleaning moss grown on the Prince of Wales's Duchy of Cornwall Estate, at Princetown, on Dartmoor. The moss is conveyed from the moors, over steep and rough hills, on pack ponies, to Princetown, the centre for receiving, cleaning, and sublimating the moss. All expenses are paid by the Duchy. The ladies are voluntary workers, and include Mrs. A. E. Barrington, wife of the Estate Steward, and Mrs. Reade, wife of Major Reade, Governor of Princetown Prison.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

of the many organisations whose existence is directly due to the war. Whilst others were busy with philanthropic schemes—they chiefly ran to "workrooms" in those days—to remedy the industrial distress which everyone was convinced would follow the war, there was a danger that a very real need might be overlooked. In the mass of philanthropic effort there was no organisation to deal exclusively with children until the Children's Aid Committee, started by Miss Margaret Douglas and a few friends, came into being in August 1914.

The object was to provide hospitality for English children whose parents were in difficulty or distress through the war, and a start was made, on what has since grown into a widespread undertaking, with a capital of exactly thirty shillings. In the first instance, it was decided to appeal for hosts to whom the children, should any such be found, could be sent; and on Aug. 13, less than a fortnight after Great Britain's declaration of war on

boys and girls whose ages have ranged from ten days to fifteen years. Of that number only thirty

[Continued overleaf.]



CORNISHWOMEN'S CONTRIBUTION TO WAR WORK: MRS. A. E. BARRINGTON (LEFT), MANAGING THE SUBLIMATING MACHINE.

The picking and treatment of sphagnum moss, which is so largely used in surgical dressings, are being done assiduously on the Prince of Wales's Duchy of Cornwall Estate. The details are carried out by voluntary workers, and Mrs. Barrington, who is seen in our photograph managing the sublimating machine, is the wife of Major Barrington, Steward of the Royal Estate.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



A Red-Cross H



TO BE OPENED BY THE PREMIER'S

On the roof of the Empress Club, Dover Street, has been erected a large and commodious Red Cross by Mr. Thomas McAlpine, of the Ministry of Emergency Voluntary Aid Committee. It will be opened by Mrs. Richard Lloyd George, who is the daughter of the Prime Minister and sister of Mr. McAlpine, the



## A Red-Cross Hut off Piccadilly: Voluntary Workers.



### TO BE OPENED BY THE PREMIER'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: THE RED CROSS HUT AT THE EMPRESS CLUB.

On the roof of the Empress Club, Dover Street, Piccadilly, there has been erected a large and commodious Red Cross Hut, presented by Mr. Thomas McAlpine, of the Ministry of Munitions, to the Emergency Voluntary Aid Committee. It will be opened on June 21 by Mrs. Richard Lloyd George, who is the daughter-in-law of the Prime Minister and sister of Mr. McAlpine, the donor. The hut

is completely fitted, and is staffed by a band of earnest workers, who are seen in our photographs, and its central position will make it of exceptional utility. Huts such as this are of the utmost value and service to men who are probably almost complete strangers to London, and would not know where to turn for aid in an emergency.—[Photos. by Topical.]

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Barrington, who is seen in  
of Major Barrington,  
and General.]



have given cause for anxiety by their behaviour, a fact that is the more remarkable when one remembers that not a few of the little guests have come from the poorest homes and most sordid surroundings.

Homes are carefully selected, and periodical visits of inspection paid to see that all is well, and the staff of twenty-five workers who help to carry on the good work, give their time and services for "love." The following story serves as an instance of the quickness with which negotiations are "put through." Not long ago, a soldier called at 50, South Molton Street, with a letter of introduction from the War Pensions

nursery does wonders with soap, hot water, and new clothes, and the grubbiest urchins come out fresh and clean as a result of her ministrations. The preparation process is completed by a label with their name and place of destination written upon it being fastened to their persons, while a neat brown paper parcel, containing the rest of their outfit, constitutes "luggage."

Though it started originally with the intention of helping the children of any families in distress through the war, the Committee now, in fact, deals almost exclusively with the children of soldiers and sailors, the reason being that the working classes have not been as adversely



WORKERS ON THE LAND: WOMEN GATHERING GOOSEBERRIES.

Very many women are now, and more will be, engaged in fruit-picking. They make picturesque figures in the orchards, and are quick and reliable workers.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

Committee. It was Monday morning, his wife had died on Sunday night, leaving him with five children to look after and "settle," and less than three days in which to do it, for his leave expired on Wednesday. On Tuesday morning a Committee official fetched the children away; on Tuesday afternoon they were *en route* for a country home where they still await the day when their father can give them one of their own.

If you go to 50, South Molton Street, almost any afternoon in the week, except Saturday, and obtain permission to enter the nursery, you will probably see two or three specimens of the child-guests being prepared for despatch to their destinations. It is not seldom a real work of heroism to make the children clean, presentable, and in general "fit to be seen." But the young woman in white cap and apron who rules in the

affected by the war as was once feared would be the case. It was, however, no part of the scheme of the organisation to hold itself aloof from other agencies, and both the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, as well as War Pensions Committees, owe not a little to the help they have generously given. The State allowance for motherless children, however, does not err on the side of extravagance, and, in the case of younger children, is inadequate to pay even the most modestly estimated "boarding out" and clothing expenses. It is here that the C.A.C. steps in to supplement its advice and help with money to bridge the gulf that yawns between the Government grant and the actual expenses that have to be incurred on behalf of each child, and any sums to help the work will be gratefully received at the headquarters office.

It is work that needs money if it is to be done satisfactorily.

CLAUDINE CLEVE.

## "Leaving"



### LEFT BY KING CONSTANTINE O

In his farewell message to Greece on leaving, Constantine said: "I am leaving my dear country, leaving my son Alexander on the throne, that Prince Alexander took the Oath to the Greek people, on June 12, and subsequently to the effect that he would carry out his



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"Leaving My Son Alexander on the Throne."



LEFT BY KING CONSTANTINE ON THE THRONE OF GREECE: HIS SECOND SON, PRINCE ALEXANDER.

In his farewell message to Greece on leaving Athens, King Constantine said: "I am leaving my dear country with the Crown Prince, leaving my son Alexander on the throne." It was stated that Prince Alexander took the Oath to the Constitution as King Alexander I. on June 12, and subsequently issued a proclamation to the effect that he would carry out his father's wishes. King

Alexander was born at Tatoi Palace on August 2, 1893, and is thus in his twenty-fourth year, three years younger than his brother George, the Crown Prince. The new King holds the rank of captain in the 1st Regiment of Artillery in the Greek Army. Through his mother, Queen Sophie, he is, of course, a nephew of the German Emperor. He is unmarried.—[Photo. supplied by Stanley.]



## THE GREAT WAR.

### NAVAL REPORTS—TINO GOES AT LAST—THE RUSSIAN RIDDLE— SUBSIDIARY ITEMS.

NAVAL news has been scanty during the week, and no operation of any outstanding importance falls to be reported. The naval air-men have, however, bombarded an enemy aerodrome at Nieuwminster, about fifteen miles southwest of Blankenberghe, on the Belgian coast, and the damage was considerable. All our machines returned safely. From the Baltic comes a dim rumour of an engagement between German and Russian vessels, but precise details are awaiting. The weekly returns of ships sunk by submarines

new supplies of grain, they could have laughed at the Blockade for many months. But it was not to be. The Allies have at last secured unity of opinion for strong action. British troops landed in Thessaly to support M. Jonnart's work, and on Wednesday (the 13th) King Constantine acknowledged that the game was up. "In the interests of Greece"—the ironic truth of the royal declaration is delightful—Constantine the Pro-German "designated as his successor" his second son, Prince Alexander. With the Crown Prince, his



A BRITISH DAY-TIME HALT DURING AN ADVANCE IN PALESTINE: IN THE VALLEY OF THE DRIED-UP BED OF THE WADI GHUSZE, FIVE MILES FROM GAZA.

The soldier seen with arm uplifted, in the centre of the foreground is pointing to an aeroplane approaching from the direction of the enemy. Nobody appears to be much perturbed.—[Photograph by C.N.]

show an increase to set against the gratifying reduction of the two previous weeks. On the morning of the 14th, Zeppelin L 43 was brought down in the North Sea and destroyed by our naval forces.

The best news of the hour from the Eastern Mediterranean has been the long-desired deposition of King Constantine. He is said politely to have "abdicated," which is as may be. The happy dispatch, as far as it goes, was led up to by the announcement that the guarantor Powers had appointed a High Commissioner for Greece, M. Jonnart, who was specially entrusted with the work of securing control of the Thessalian harvests, now ready to be reaped. Had the perjured ex-King and his precious camarilla got hold of the

Majesty goes into exile—it is said to Switzerland. And so, we trust, ends a very ugly chapter of Greek history, with at least a glimmering hope of better things. It was expected that M. Venezelos would be recalled to power, and that he could see his way to work harmoniously with the new King. The great Cretan may be trusted to do his best for his country; but the Greeks have much lee-way to make up before they can hope for a voice in the counsels of settlement. If any man can lead Hellas back to the straight path, it is Venezelos, and he alone. It is to be hoped that his efforts will be unembarrassed by small intrigues, and that he may yet crown the work of his life by seeing Greece, which he rescued from material bankruptcy, restored also to spiritual solvency and

[Continued overleaf.]



Gener

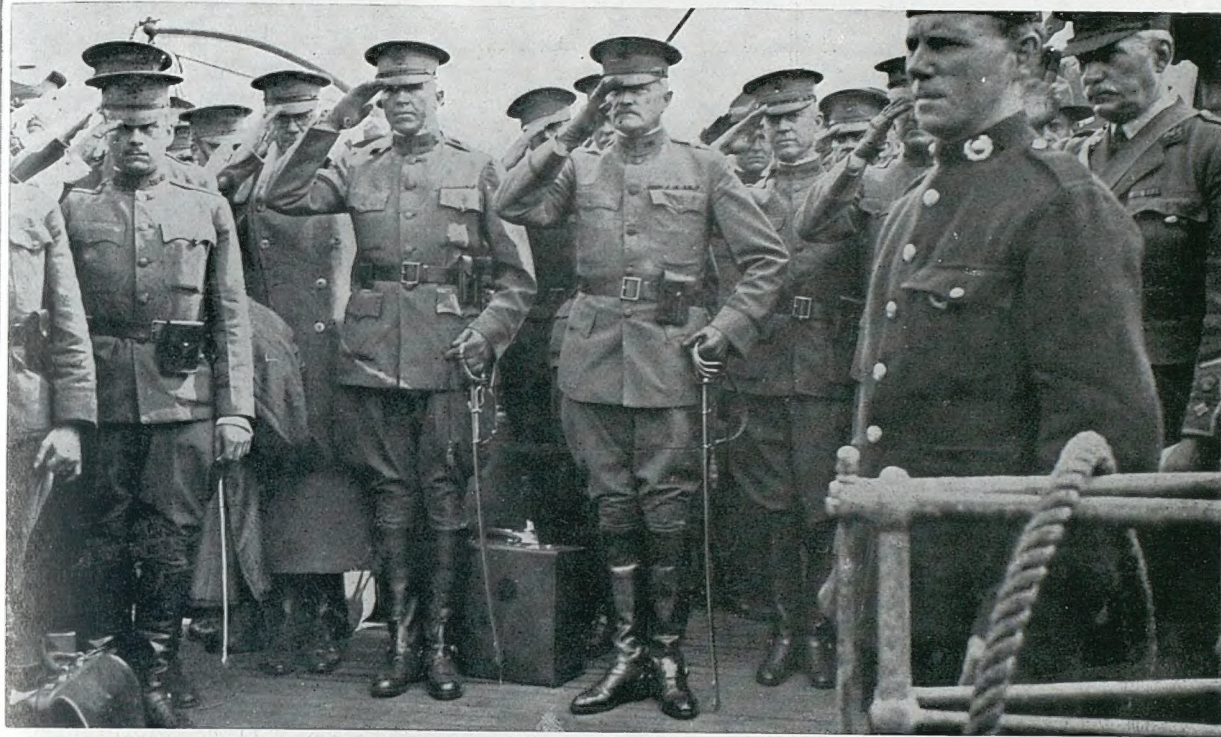


#### DISEMBARKATION: SALUTING T

In the upper illustration we see General R standing at the salute on board the vessel France on June 13. It is just before going French military band with the guard of played the American Hymn. A number of soldiers (seen in the illustration) crossed to



## General Pershing's Arrival in France.



### DISSEMBARKATION: SALUTING THE U.S. NATIONAL HYMN; INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR.

In the upper illustration we see General Pershing and his Staff standing at the salute on board the vessel that carried them to France on June 13. It is just before going on shore, while the French military band with the guard of honour on the quay played the American Hymn. A number of British officers and soldiers (seen in the illustration) crossed to France by the same

boat. The lower illustration shows General Pershing on the quay, passing along the front of the guard of honour, while inspecting it. The guard of honour was furnished by French Territorials of the garrison at the port. "I realise more deeply now we have landed on the soil of France, what our entry into the war means," the General is credited with saying.—[French Official Photographs.]

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playing her ancient part as a champion of liberty. The most melancholy part of the recent reign of chicane, treachery, and toadyism to a tyrant

were to sail under passport on a philosopher's mission to Russia, could not proceed, as the crew of their steamer refused to sail with such potential Jonahs. The incident was significant of that popular horse-sense which acts as a wholesome corrective to the subtleties of politicians. Mr. Macdonald has said that he had no wish to go to Russia, and that he consented only at the express wish of the Government!

General Pershing, with the first little instalment of the United States fighting forces, has finished his flying visit to London and is now in France, where he had a very cordial reception. Before he left, General Pershing lunched with the King at Buckingham Palace on June 11. On the same day the American officers conferred with Lord Derby and Mr. Balfour at the War Office.

From the Balkan front there has been news only of activity in the air, some repulses of enemy *coups-de-main*, and an occasional artillery fight. There is, however, no movement to report; and



A RED CROSS UNIT WHOSE FAME IS UNIVERSAL: THE SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITAL IN CAMP NEAR MONASTIR.

The Scottish Women's Hospital has rendered invaluable service to the wounded and others, all through the Balkan campaigns, and from before the terrible Serbian retreat earlier in the war.

*French Official Photograph.*

Power has been the reflection that such things were acquiesced in by the country which stood up alone before the Persian invader, and, beating him back, gave Europe all that made Western civilisation possible and beautiful. It could be wished, however, that Constantine's withdrawal had more assurance of finality than it apparently has at present.

From Russia come scattered reports of some imminent military movement, but nothing definite. General Danikin has replaced General Gourko as Commander-in-Chief on the European front, and M. Kerensky is still hard at work at the restoration of discipline in the army. Some mutinous regiments have been brought to order by force of arms, and the general impression of a healthier tone among the troops is maintained. The social and political situation still trembles in the balance. Mr. Henderson has addressed a great assembly of Russian troops, and had a most enthusiastic reception. Messrs. Ramsay Macdonald and Jowett, who



A NORTH-COUNTRY GOOD SAMARITAN OF THE RED CROSS: ONE OF THE WORKERS OF THE SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITAL IN THE BALKAN CAMPAIGNS BESIDE HER AMBULANCE.—[*French Official Photograph.*]

from Palestine and Mesopotamia the report is equally uneventful. No doubt the intense heat hampers activity.

LONDON: JUNE 16, 1917

# The Illus

THE NEW COMMAND  
MAJOR-GEN